

ELLEN OSBORN'S  
FASHION LETTER.The Cool White  
Muslin Dress is  
Worn at Sara-  
toga.

Special Correspondence of Intelligencer.  
SARATOGA, July 26.—The two-step  
has killed summer dancing.  
So the wise say, and it looks as if  
they were right.

Perhaps golf and tennis have been ac-  
cessories to the murder.

After a day spent in the outdoors  
sport the two-step is too violent. There  
is something quiet, restful, almost  
dreamy in a waltz played just too rapidly,  
but the two-step demands exertion.



A White Flowered Costume.

and the number of summer men willing  
to exert themselves is smaller than it  
might be.

And the vitality of the summer girl is  
not inexhaustible, though some people  
have thought otherwise. Baiting and  
driving and guiding the giddy automobile  
leave her not always disinclined for  
a cozy evening flirtation on the piazza,  
instead of the hot whirl of the ballroom.

Assign reasons as you may, the fact  
is patent. Saratoga has more miles of  
piazza than woman can reckon, and it  
is on these long, cool expanses to its  
hug, hideous hotels that summer even-  
ing dress is best to be studied.

To be white and fleecy, scarcely  
obscuring the moonlight, is the Sara-  
toga girl's ideal. Only at Washington  
is white elsewhere so universally worn.

Walk some few of those miles of  
piazza between 9 o'clock and midnight  
and you will think yourself in a verita-  
ble land of clouds, where white is the  
only hue.

To be white and fleecy is a matter of  
muslin, and perhaps there is more mus-  
lin to the square inch in Saratoga this  
month than elsewhere in the country.

White muslin is worn by women of  
all ages. One sees gray-headed matrons  
cool and dignified in snowy white,  
revelled by black, white debutantes  
wear muslin brightened by blue and  
cherry ribbons.

White silk is the inevitable founda-  
tion of the Saratoga muslin dress, whose  
degree of elaboration seems to vary ac-  
cording to the original habit of its  
wearer. Southern girls wear deliciously  
simple frocks, hand-sewed as to  
every stitch; western girls preen them-  
selves in muslin toilettes fairly covered  
with lace and insertion and hand-  
painting. New York girls' muslin  
frocks fit better than other girls' frocks,  
while the Boston girl carries her muslin  
with a style whose fascination appears  
to be in its apparent indifference to style.

Girls from the four quarters of the  
globe are muslin-clad by daylight and  
dark, and the muslin dress that  
achieves distinction must be indeed a  
rare one.

Last night a short, slight, slender  
girl drifted across the veranda and  
subsided on a heap of cushions. She

noticed, slippers with half-French heels,  
toes somewhat rounded and the whole  
foot covering held firm by straps across  
the instep.

One girl's twinkling feet showed as  
many as six very narrow beaded bands,  
clasped on the top of the foot by means  
of six small bright jeweled buckles.

A girl who wore black satin dancing  
shoes had five straps arching over the  
instep and fastened with buttons of  
brilliant.

ELLEN OSBORN.

ular flounce put on with lace insertion,  
and it hung with exquisite simplicity  
above a petticoat of white Liberty sat-  
in.

The bodice was a low-bustle with a  
lace and muslin fichu about the un-  
covered shoulders. A rosette of white vel-  
vet ribbon fastened the fichu above the  
bust, and the belt was of white velvet.

The girl's beauty was her hair—heavy  
and dusky hair that made a halo about  
her face. She combed it in great cloud-  
waves that supplied color to her other-  
wise colorless toilette. Or—no; there  
was one other touch of emphasis—her  
huge black and yellow gauze fan.

The man with the white hair had a  
sister and a mother, and their efforts to  
lure him from the white girl were com-  
ical, to the mere observer.

The sister wore a rather stately tol-  
lette of white crepe de chine, made up  
over pink. It had an open overdress  
edged with lace and a tucked front,  
and its low bodice was finished with a  
lace tuck and adorned with lace and  
muslin bands.

The mother, who seemed scarcely older  
than the sister, was another white  
woman. Her dress was white satin  
with a deep flounce of jet-embroidered  
white tulle. From the left side of her  
waist hung a cascade of white chiffon.

Her low-cut bodice was draped from  
each side to the bust, where it was fas-  
tened under a white chiffon rosette,  
streamers from which trailed the cas-  
cade from the waist line.

For half an hour our corner of the  
veranda was a point of interest, but the  
man had a square-set jaw and the  
white girl a beautiful unconsciousness  
of the manoeuvres against her, and in  
the end I found myself watching—two  
girls whose toilettes, if not the actions  
of their relatives, promised some diversion.

One of them wore the inevitable  
white muslin, this time over mauve.  
The underskirt of her dress was plain  
and flowing; the long, open tulle swept  
away from the front in a foam of cerise  
lace ruffles. The tulle itself was laid  
in fine plats, as was the bodice, which  
was cut low, with a square neck and  
lace edgings. Two big, puffy mauve  
rosettes were placed, one near the left  
shoulder, the other at the waist line.

This girl was pale and fair-haired,  
and the number of summer men willing  
to exert themselves is smaller than it  
might be.

And the vitality of the summer girl is  
not inexhaustible, though some people  
have thought otherwise. Baiting and  
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while the Boston girl carries her muslin  
with a style whose fascination appears  
to be in its apparent indifference to style.

Most girls sit down before a mirror  
to brush their hair, but Hazel does  
all over the room. First she parts it,  
bringing two great manes to the front,  
one over each shoulder, where they  
hang against her pink wrapper like a  
dark, bushy bon, reaching almost to her  
knees. Then, brush in hand, she begins  
her promenade.

Sometimes she stops before the book-  
shelves, and picking up a volume holds  
it one hand, while the other brushes  
away, stroke after stroke, like a piece  
of machinery. You'll see her stand like  
that some nights with an outrageous  
light on her book, and pucker her  
brows to read a whole Emerson essay.  
It's enough to make your bones ache to  
look at her! There are chairs all over  
the room, you know, and plenty of  
gas jets, but that doesn't count.

Again, she'll turn off all the light and  
stand in front of a window looking at  
the stars, while she brushes, brushes,  
brushes, first with one hand, and then  
the other. "A hundred strokes," in-  
deed! On a night like that she'd give  
5,000 and never know it, unless some-  
body interrupted. But somebody always  
does. There's a girl with short, curly  
hair who lies on the couch and grows  
fat laughing at Hazel.

"Oh, Hazel!" she'll say. "You haven't  
brushed your hair in the corner by the  
washstand yet. Please cover that  
ground!" Oh, "Say, dear, you could  
brush with your left hand, while you  
wound the clock, pulled down the shade  
and opened the bed with your right;  
and say, if you could only learn to per-  
form with your toes what a lot you could  
accomplish!"

Hazel doesn't mind. She smiles indif-  
ferently at the girl on the couch and  
goes on strolling up and down the rug.  
Last night she halted while she  
brushed before a picture of a man on  
horseback struggling in the face of a  
driving storm.

"H'm!" said she, as she gazed. "That  
picture is named 'A Bad Day.' I wish  
I could paint. If I could make a pic-  
ture of my yesterday and hang it up  
here you'd say that man's predicament  
was perfect bliss. Actually, it was a  
day that makes me hot and cold just  
thinking of it. Ugh! I could tear my

hair out for your mother!"

So I was later than ever getting home  
and I just flew into my gray silk and  
slapped on that white lace vest affair  
attached to the standing collar that  
laid in the back. That collar's too  
large around, and I always have to  
turn under one end and fix it with great  
care in the back. I generally fuss with  
it about ten minutes and fasten it with  
so that I don't care who's behind me  
in church; but just as I began to ar-  
range it I was called to the telephone.

So I snatched up a common black pin  
and thrust it in anywhere to keep the  
thing from falling off while I answered.  
The message was from Mrs. Blair, who  
had a vacancy in a box party, and  
began my pardon for asking me so  
late. And she said: "Now, don't dress  
up, dear! I'm not going to one bit."

While she was talking our dinner was  
announced, and I forgot that collar and  
just went down. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Hazel dropped into a chair and bowed  
her head until her hair fell over her  
face.

"You didn't go to the opera with your  
collar like that!" demanded a stern  
voice from the couch.

A woe-begone face came through the  
tresses and the brush began to work  
again.

"Didn't I? Didn't I sit in the front  
of that box, with three men behind me?  
And Mrs. Blair in an exquisite  
gown that looked like opals and dia-  
monds rolled out thin and made into  
dress goods! Bernice, just learn this:  
When your hostess tells you not to  
dress up you put on your best! That's  
what she means. And just as the cur-  
tain went up I thought of that collar!

Agony! Tight shoes are nowhere!"

"Well, I came home, locked my bed-  
room door, turned on all the light, went  
straight to my dresser, took a hand  
mirror, and squared about to know the  
worst. At first I couldn't look. I stood  
there, glass in hand, with my eyes  
screwed tight shut, for a full minute.  
Then I opened them. Oh, poor, poor,  
me!"

"Honestly, there was more suffering  
packed into one look at that collar than  
Bernice, Bernice, you heartless—  
You needn't choke yourself with that  
pious agony bit! I see you! You are  
laughing!"

FINANCE AND TRADE.

The Features of the Money and Stock  
Markets.

number and let the druggist give me a  
new bottle? Yes, why? That's what  
I wonder. I suppose it was some wild no-  
tion of saving three cents.

"Well, half-way downtown you  
should come walking into the car but  
Charlie Talcott. It never occurred to  
me to wonder what he was doing there  
in banking hours. I just gave him my  
sweetest bow, moved along a little and  
picked up my big bottle from the seat  
as a sign he should get beside me, and  
tried to be extra cordial to make up for  
lost time.

"We talked about the weather first. I  
said: 'Ted thinks we're going to have  
more warm weather yet.' He gave me  
a queer sort of a look and answered:  
'Well, I guess Ted's right.' Of course  
he knew brother Ted, same time, he  
knew me, so I asked if he ever saw Ted  
downtown. To my amazement he be-  
gan to blush and stammer, and a sud-  
den suspicion clutched me. 'You are  
Mr. Talcott, aren't you?' I asked, and  
then the handsome scamp lifted his  
hat and answered: 'No, I haven't the  
honor, but I should like to be.' Imagine!

"I managed to explain, very coldly,  
that having failed to recognize an old  
friend lately and having declared that  
I should know him next time we met I  
was simply making a violent effort to  
keep my promise. Then I turned the  
back of my shoulder to him with what  
would have been grand majesty, only  
that horrible bottle slipped off my lap  
and he picked it up! Ugh! And that  
lame! I dropped it twice more be-  
fore I left the car, and he picked it up  
both times. It was possessed of an evil  
spirit, I tell you.

"After that the day bumped along,  
shopping, etc., until I had just time to  
get home and dress for dinner, and I  
came sailing down the aisle of one of  
the stores with several small parcels in  
my arms. Suddenly there was a thump  
on the floor and ladies began to start  
back and pull away their skirts. It  
was that demon bottle again! I'd just  
paid a dollar for liquid toilet. Oh, you'd  
never imagine the contents of a half-  
pint bottle could cover so much floor! It  
spread and spread—a horrible aromatic,  
dark brown pond. The floorwalker  
came hurrying and demanded of the  
clerks whose fault this was. They  
pointed fingers at me, and there I  
stood! Didn't I have to get the old  
bottle fished out and find the number  
and go and have the prescription filled  
again? Yes, you would, too, if it had  
been for your mother!"

So I was later than ever getting home  
and I just flew into my gray silk and  
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NEW YORK, July 27.—Money on call  
steady at 14½¢. Prime mercantile  
paper 4½¢ per cent. Sterling ex-  
change easier, with actual business  
in bankers' bills at 48½¢ for demand  
and at 48½¢ for sixty days; posted  
rates 48½¢ for 60 days and 48½¢ for 90 days.  
Commercial bills at 48½¢ for 60 days.  
Government bonds weak.

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